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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

THURSDAY, *September* the 27th, 1753.

I HAVE received no leſs than four letters from my friend NIC LIMBERTONGUE, ſince laſt thurſday was three weeks, at which time I had the honour of exhibiting his character and hiſtory in this paper. But all I dare do with theſe letters, is, to give a ſhort abſtract of them to my readers; my friend having entered ſo minutely into family ſecrets, and (as he aſſures me upon his honour) with the ſtricteſt regard to truth, that I myſelf ſhould be the TELL-TALE if I gave them to the public in the manner I received them.

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In the firſt of theſe letters he gives me the hiſtory of the third lying-in of a young lady of faſhion near St. James's, who is at preſent only in her nineteenth year, and who lives with a very pious old aunt, and paſſes for a pattern of modeſty and virtue. He alſo favours me with the names and characters of two gentlemen, who have the honour, ſeparately, of paſſing the evening with this young lady, without either ſuſpecting the other of being any thing more than a viſiting acquaintance.

The ſecond letter contains the ſecret memoirs of a woman of quality, whoſe huſband is juſt upon the point of parting with her for INDISCRETION. Till the reading of this letter I confeſs myſelf to have had a very inadequate idea of the meaning of this word. To be INDISCREET, it ſeems, is for a married woman to liſten to the addreſſes of one, two, or half a dozen lovers; to make aſſignations with them ſeparately; to declare her hatred to her huſband, and to admit her ſaid lovers to every liberty but ONE. All this, provided the lady be detected in ſome of her cloſeſt familiarities, is to be INDISCREET: and though the virtue of ſuch a lady is not to be called in queſtion, yet everybody has a right to ſay, that ſhe has been guilty of INDISCRETIONS.

My friend's third letter is a good deal too waggiſh for the ſobriety of this paper. It is the hiſtory of a parſon and his two maids, whom he calls Rachel and Leah. To ſay the truth, I have another reaſon for ſuppreſſing this letter, which is, that the doctor happens to be the rector of my own pariſh, and (ſetting Rachel and Leah, and eating and drinking out of the queſtion) is really a very continent and abſtemious man.

The fourth and laſt letter is a voyage from Vauxhall to Whitehall, in a dark night under a tilt, performed by perſons

perſons of diſtinction of both ſexes. All that I ſhall inform my readers of this voyage, is, that it appears from the journal of it (which was kept by one of the paſſengers, and communicated to my friend) to have been a very INDISCREET one; and that in the latitude of Weſtminſter bridge, Miſs Kitty, a young country beauty of eighteen, was heard to ſay with great quickneſs to a colonel of the guards, who ſat next her, "Be quiet, "ſir!" and to accompany her words with ſo ſmart a ſlap on the face, that the center arch rung again; upon which her aunt, who was one of the party, took occaſion to obſerve, "That her niece would always be a "country girl, and know nothing of the world."

HAVING now taken ſufficient notice of my friend LIMBERTONGUE's letters, I ſhall leave my readers to animadvert upon them, and devote the remainder of this paper to a female correſpondent.

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I AM a young woman, born to no great fortune, but from the indulgence of my parents am ſo happy as to enjoy the advantages of a good education. I have really a handſome face, have a natural gentility about me, walk as well as anybody, and am told by my mother, and have heard it whiſpered a thouſand times by the maids, that I am a clever girl.

IT was my fortune ſome time ago, when I was upon a viſit in the country, to make a hole in a gentleman's heart, as he ſat in the next pew to me at church; and as I am above diſguiſes, I ſhall confeſs very freely that I was equally ſtruck. I took a pleaſure in looking at him from the firſt moment I ſaw him; and it was no trifling ſatisfaction to me, that as often as I dared ſquint that way, I found his eyes to be fixed fully upon mine.

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As he was known to the lady at whoſe houſe I was entertained, it was matter of no great difficulty for him to introduce himſelf to my acquaintance. I enquired into his character, and was told that he was a gentleman addicted to no kind of vice; that his fortune was a very handſome one; that he had great ſenſibility and generoſity; but that he was extremely quick-ſighted to the foibles of women. I was not much pleaſed with this laſt information; but having a pretty good opinion of myſelf, I did not doubt that I ſhould ſo hamper him with diſcretion and beauty, that he could not poſſibly eſcape me.

To be as ſhort as I can, he ſoon made propoſals to me in form, which, after the uſual heſitations, were in form accepted. My parents were written to upon the occaſion, and every thing was preparing for our happineſs, when Alphonſo (for ſo I ſhall call him) was unfortunately ſummoned to a diſtant part of the country, to attend the laſt moments of a near relation. There was no diſobeying this cruel ſummons; and with a thouſand proteſtations of unalterable love, away he went.

During his abſence, which happened to be much longer than, I believe, either of us wiſhed, the faſhion came up among the ladies of wearing their gowns off the ſhoulders; and though my ſkin was rather of the browneſt, and I had alſo the misfortune of having a large ſcar acroſs my boſom, I immediately pared away ſix inches of my ſtays before and behind, and preſented myſelf to him at his return in all the nakedneſs of the faſhion. I was indeed greatly aſtoniſhed, that as he was running into my arms with all the eagerneſs of a long abſent lover, he ſtopt of a ſudden to ſurvey me, and after giving me only a cold ſalute, and enquiring how

how I did, ſat himſelf down for about a quarter of an hour, and then wiſhed me a good night.

It really never occurred to me, to what accident I was to attribute ſo mortifying a change, till early the next morning I was let into the ſecret by the following letter.

" Madam,

" To have but one defect in your whole perſon, " and to diſplay it to the world with ſo much pains, is " to betray a want of that prudence, without which " the married ſtate is generally a ſtate of miſery. I muſt " therefore take the liberty of telling you that my laſt " viſit was paid yeſterday, and that my laſt letter waits " only till I have ſubſcribed myſelf,

" Madam,

" *Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,*

" Alphonso."

You may imagine, Mr. Fitz-Adam, into what awkward confuſion and diſtreſs this letter threw me. At firſt I reproached the inconſtancy of my lover, and called him the baſeſt and moſt perfidious of men; but when my paſſion was abated, and I began ſeriouſly to reflect upon my incautious behaviour, I could not help allowing that he had reaſon of his ſide; though I hope you will be of opinion, that his letter is a little too mortifying, and his reſolution too haſty.

Some months have elapſed ſince I have worn the willow; and I have at preſent hardly any expectation or being reſtored to grace: though if Alphonſo had thought it worth his while to make any enquiries about me, he would have known, that ever ſince the diſcovery of that fatal ſcar (which I can aſſure him upon my honour was only occaſioned by a burn) I have worn my ſtays as high,